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The bond issue is one of the things that is coming in the near future. You can hear the rumbling now if you put your ear to the ground.

Although the Western red man is still in leading strings as an agriculturist, his stock raising abilities render him a factor of no little consequence in the development of the nation's possibilities of food supply. Some of the best beef supplied to the Government for army use has come from Indian cattle breeders, who have discovered that cows pay better than corn. The tremendous problem of the country's future meat supply may involve in its solution the installation of the American Indian as the chief cattle raising agency on the Western prairies.

The question is being asked why the taste of American fruit has become insipid. A common observation is that as the fruit stands grow large and fine, and the fruit offered for sale more beautiful to the eye, its edible quality becomes poorer and poorer. The reason of this, doubtless, is American enterprise. The same genius which enables us to get out Christmas papers by Thanksgiving Day, to spread winter fabrics on our counters for sale in August, accomplishes the freak of nature which puts strawberries in our mouths when peaches are in season, feasts us on watermelons in January, grapes in May and snow-apples in July. In our fierce determination to keep up with the times we have over-shot the mark, and are always ahead of the seasons, observes Harper's Bazar.

Germany is gradually lightening the hours of labor for its people and especially for the small tradesman, who has been expected to be in his shop at all hours, one might say, of day and night. Several years ago Berlin tradespeople were compelled to shut their shops on Sundays, caterers for household wants being allowed to keep open for five hours on that day. There was a great outcry against this, but in time the hausfrau adapted herself to the new arrangement, and everything went smoothly. Now, since October 1, the tradespeople have been compelled by law to close their shops at 9 o'clock in the evening on every day in the week. With this "early" closing on week days and a half holiday on Sundays the Berlin folk think themselves particularly happy and fortunate.

WHAT SAID THE WIND?

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

(Her thought.)
The wind is waving all the trees,
They whisper in the sun;
And ever through the sweet warm grass
The wayward shadows run.
Oh, turn you here, or turn you there,
The thought will not away—
That love comes as the wind comes,
And none may say it nay.

(His thought.)
The wind is scattering the leaves,
The clouds rush up the sky;
The vagrant snow-flakes find no rest,
But whirl and toss and fly.
And still thought wanders with the wind,
Returning but to say:
"Oh, love goes as the wind blows,
And none may bid it stay."
—Ainslee's Magazine.

A WISH FULFILLED.

BY LAURA ELLEN BEALE.

BOTH were silent for a few moments, Bessie biting her lip in vexation, while the young man walked along with lowered head, dejection apparent in every movement. At last he said:

"Bessie, you seem to think that I continue to ask you to marry me for the sole purpose of annoying you, but it is simply impossible for us to be as you suggest. I love you too deeply to live near you always and be merely your friend. I want you for my wife, and will try very hard to make you happy. Bessie, dear, won't you put aside all that foolish nonsense and say you will marry me?"

"No, no, Harry?" the girl said petulantly. "I have told you over and over that I am not ready to marry any one, that I want to see a little more of life before I settle down. I like you, of course, more than anybody else, but I don't think I love you."

"Bessie, do you love any one else?"
"Now, that is absurd! You know I don't! How could I? I have never seen a dozen young men outside of the town boys. Then, besides, haven't I gone everywhere with you ever since we were children?"

"Yes," responded Harry, "and I always thought you would marry me when we grew up, and now you have a silly idea about romance or some other tomfoolery. What do you want a fellow to do, Bess? We can run away and get married if you say so."
"Nonsense!" replied the girl. "What would be the use of that, when your parents and mine are only waiting for us to come to an understanding, as they express it, before buying a farm for us? Oh, it is just too humdrum for any use—always living in the same town, always going together, never quarreling, with absolutely nothing to make life worth living."

"Well, Bess, I might make love to Clara Martin or Minnie Butler, and give Hal Burns or some of the rest of the boys a chance."

"Don't trouble yourself to make love to any other girl, just to give Hal Burns a chance with me," Bessie said somewhat stiffly, "for I have fully decided not to marry any one in Potosi, unless he can do something out of the ordinary, something heroic, to show his love."

"Oh," interrupted Harry, "I might set fire to your father's house, so that I could rush headlong into the flames and save you, or I might bribe old Bob to tip the boat over the next time you go fishing, so I could jump into the water, catch you by the hair and drag you to the bank. But suppose my plans should miscarry, and the hired man should precede me into the burning building and rescue you, or worse still, that baldheaded old Jed Blunt should prove the best swimmer, and I should arrive just in time to see you, all dripping and fainting, in his arms, while it became my duty to save black Bob. By Jove, Bess, I believe you'd marry that old skindint, just because he had proved himself a hero and saved your life!"

"Don't be silly, Harry," laughed Bessie. "Do be serious."
"Serious! I never was more so in my life. Come, Bess, promise me before you go away, won't you?"
"No, Harry, I will not be engaged to any one before I visit Aunt Sue. But as soon as I return I will give you my final answer."

"Well," sighed the young man, "I shall have to be content with that, but I do hope you will have done with all this romantic nonsense when you come back."

A few days later, when the young girl left her home for a visit of several weeks in the Far West, a sad hearted young man lingered a few moments on the station platform, gazing wistfully at a black speck fast disappearing down the valley.

This was their first separation, and Harry strolled back toward the business section of the little town, feeling strangely depressed.

As Bessie waved her hand in final adieu to her father and Harry she experienced a sudden feeling of loneliness and regret at leaving her playmate and lover. But her attention soon became diverted to the other passengers in the car, and she began to speculate upon their possible destination.

She noticed a valise and umbrella on the opposite seat of her berth, and as no one had yet appeared to claim them, she grew curious as to the owner.

After the conductor had examined her ticket and berth check, and there seemed nothing more to do, Bessie took off her hat, and making herself as comfortable as possible, became interested in the passing scenery. A couple of hours had elapsed when a young man, whom she had not before seen, came out of the smoking compartment and sauntered slowly down the aisle. He was a handsome fellow, his traveling cap, pushed jauntily back, and one hand in his pocket, giving him the appearance of a college

student, Bessie thought.
She was so surprised that she gave a perceptible start when he sat down opposite her, opened his valise, and taking out a magazine, began idly turning the leaves.

Half unconsciously she studied his features. Suddenly she became aware that the eyes were regarding her intently, with a somewhat peculiar expression. She crimsoned violently, and to cover her embarrassment, hurriedly caught up a novel she had discarded a short time before. As she did so the train lurched suddenly and the book fell from her hand to the floor. She stooped quickly and her head came in sharp contact with the head of the young man, who had also stooped to recover the volume.

Bessie exclaimed "Oh!" and the young man's "Beg pardon!" sounded explosive to mean something else.

Both looked uneasily at the passengers in the opposite berth, who had seen and heard the collision, and the look of polite amusement on their faces caused the young people to glance quickly at each other, when with one accord they all burst into a hearty laugh.

The acquaintance thus begun progressed rapidly, and by the middle of the afternoon the two were chatting like old friends.

Bessie learned that the young man was Frank Preston, who owned a stock farm near Denver, but spent only part of each year on the ranch, the rest of the time being devoted to travel.

The time passed all too swiftly. Bessie declared mentally that she had never spent two happier days in her life.

What a pleasant young man Frank was! He was so different from Harry. Of course Harry was jolly, and the life of every gathering in Potosi, but he was not like this man, who had been everywhere, it seemed, and who knew so much of the world.

Then, too, he was not at all backward in showing his admiration for the girl's beauty, and she thrilled with pleasure at this new experience, as she was unaccustomed to such open admiration as shone from the young man's eyes.

His eyes were lighter than Harry's; she hardly knew what color to call them; while Harry's were the deepest blue, fearless and steady, the stranger's often shifted uneasily.

As the time drew near for Frank Preston to leave the train at Arco, the station nearest his ranch, Bessie was conscious of a peculiar sinking of her heart. In trying to analyze the sensation, she blushing wondered if it could be caused by love. She was not certain, but at least she had not experienced anything like it at leaving Harry. A momentary silence which had settled upon the new friends was rudely broken by the conductor.

"Arco! Arco station! All out for Arco!"

In saying good-bye a moment later, Frank held Bessie's hand clasped tightly in his, and when he asked permission to call upon her in Denver, she gladly gave it.

He came even sooner than she had hoped. In fact, he came many times during the next few weeks, and two months glided swiftly on in a constant round of pleasure, the young people, with Bessie's aunt and uncle, taking many delightful trips to Manitou, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, and other places of interest in the vicinity.

Into the midst of this enjoyment there came one day a telegram calling Bessie to the bedside of her mother, who had become suddenly very ill, so all else was forgotten as hasty preparations were made for the departure of Bessie and her aunt that same evening.

It was not until the very moment of boarding the train that Bessie thought of sending a telegram to Frank Preston to meet them at Arco station to say good-bye, but it was then too late to do so. Sleep that night was impossible. She was continually thinking of how happy she was on her other trip over that same road. What a jolly time they had after their acquaintance began "head first," Frank had said, and she smiled at the recollection.

Suddenly there seemed to be a commotion in the car. For an instant the girl lay still, wondering what those rude voices meant. She was brought to an uncomfortable realization of the cause of the disturbance when some one exclaimed in no gentle tone:
"Yes, dig up your money and watch and get a move on you, too!"

"Th car was in the hands of train robbers!"

Bessie was almost petrified with fear, but she put out her hand to arouse her aunt just as some one said:
"None of that! Kindly hand it all over."

The voice sounded strangely familiar; where had she heard it? She had no time to determine, for at that instant the curtain was pulled roughly back, and a lantern (held by the conductor,

who was compelled by the robbers to go ahead and wake up the passengers), flashed in the face of the girl and her astonished aunt, who had no idea what was occurring.

Bessie mechanically reached under the pillow for her watch; as she did so the robber, who held a revolver in one hand, impatiently put up his other to adjust the black calico mask which had slipped down a little and Bessie caught a glimpse of his face. What she saw caused her to cry—
"Why, Fran!" She did not finish the sentence; she had fainted.

The man had snatched the watch from the girl's hand, at the same time demanding her purse; when she spoke he hastily held the timepiece close to the lantern, then, with one quick glance at the girl, who lay in a swoon, he half threw it upon the bed and was turning away when the sharp report of a pistol rang out.

An old man from Denver, who occupied the berth next to Bessie and her aunt, hearing the commotion, had guessed its import, and hurriedly taking a revolver from his valise, partially emerged from his berth, but a second robber, who was guarding the train men, immediately discovered him and fired, killing him instantly.

The robbers at once commanded the conductor to pull the bell rope. He did so, and as the train slowed up they sprang off and quickly disappeared in the darkness, followed by a futile volley of shots from the now thoroughly aroused passengers.

When Bessie recovered consciousness she found the passengers in the wildest state of excitement, and her horror and indignation knew no bounds when told of the brutal murder of the poor man whose bravery cost him his life.

She experienced a feeling of relief, however, when she learned that it had not been the man who was collecting the money and other valuables, but another—a taller one, who had fired the shot with such terrible effect.

The girl was filled with a sickening dread and bitter humiliation as she again thought of Frank. Not many hours before she was actually wondering whether or not she loved him, almost deciding that she did.

How she had been deceived! She knew now that she had but allowed herself to be dazzled by his compliments and flattered by his attentions, that love had taken no part in the affair, and it was with shame that she remembered having compared him with Harry.

Yes, he was different, and she was glad. But how dare she think of Harry—so good and true? She was entirely unworthy of him, and it would serve her only as she deserved if, during her absence, he had found pleasure in the society of some girl more worthy of him than she, who had been so vain and silly.

A telegram to Bessie's aunt at Chicago brought the happy news of the great improvement of Bessie's mother, and when the train reached Potosi her father was there to meet them with the glad tidings of sure and speedy recovery.

Harry, too, was at the station and found an opportunity to ask in a whisper:
"Bessie, have you decided?"

The almost inaudible "Yes, Harry," sent the blood from the young man's face, leaving him very pale.

"Am I to be happy at last, Bess?" he asked.

The glance which she gave him, even when she said, "Not now, Harry, please," brought the color again to his face, for he knew she had decided in his favor.

Bessie's relatives were greatly alarmed when it became known that she and Aunt Sue were in the midst of that daring "hold up." They thought it extremely fortunate that no loss had been sustained, even Bessie's watch having been accidentally dropped on the bed instead of going into the bag of the robber carried for that purpose.

Several days passed before the papers reported the capture of the train robbers, but neither was taken alive, one having been killed while trying to escape from a farmhouse, the other shooting himself in order to escape death in the flames, his shelter having been fired by the sheriff's posse.

This man was described as handsome Dick Powers, who always dressed well, was well educated, and had every appearance of a gentleman. He was known by several aliases, and had been often seen in Denver.

One evening, about a week after her return to Potosi Harry said:

"Bessie, can you not give me your final answer now, as you promised? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Harry," she said slowly, "if you are still willing to trust your happiness in the hands of one so romantic and foolish as I."

When, a few moments later, she managed to escape from the embrace and kisses which threatened to smother her, she said:

"You have had your wish, Harry, for I certainly have had all the romance I want."

"But, Bessie, darling, you could hardly call a train robbery romantic," he replied.

"No, not exactly," she answered. "Yet that had something to do with my cure."—Waverley Magazine.

They Were Fond of the Mule.

An amiable mule named Jim has for years been employed in a coal mine at Dalton, Ohio. The mine boss lately decided to transfer Jim to another mine. Four hundred miners objected, and struck work. Until the mule is returned to the scene of his former labors, the miners refuse to handle pick or shovel.

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